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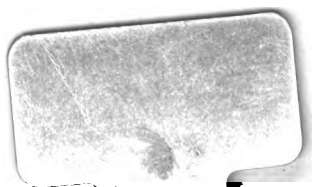
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PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES
IN
GREEK IAMBIC VERSE.

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 A Key to Parts I. and II. of these Exercises (price 5s.),
may be had, by Tutors only, on application to the Author
through the Publishers.



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PREFACE.

BOTH SERIES of my 'Progressive Exercises in Latin Elegiacs' have found so much popularity in the various public and private schools where they are in use, that it has been repeatedly suggested to me by persons engaged in tuition, firstly, that there is a great want of an elementary work, on a similar plan, suitable for boys who are beginning to learn to imitate in Greek verse the style of the Tragedians whom they read; and secondly, that a little book on a similar plan to my Elementary Latin Verses would prove of service.

Accordingly I have attempted to supply this deficiency, and I need scarcely add that I shall be glad to learn from those whose judgment and experience is superior to my own, that it proves useful and serviceable. I shall be glad of any corrections and of any suggestions for the improvement of the contents of this little book.

E. W.

HAMPSTEAD, N.W.: Jan. 1, 1867.

INTRODUCTION.

A SHORT GREEK PROSODY.

1. PROSODY teaches the Quantity of Syllables.

2. Every syllable in Greek is said to be either short (◌) or long (◌-), according to its *quantity*, or the time taken up in pronouncing it.

3. One such long syllable is equal to two short ones. Syllables which may be either long or short are called common or doubtful (◌◌).

Note. The accents are omitted, for the sake of distinctness.

GENERAL RULES.

RULE I. The vowels *ε* and *ο* are naturally short; *η* and *ω* are naturally long: *η* and *ω* can never be shortened, though *ε* and *ο* may be lengthened under certain conditions.

RULE II. The vowels *ε* and *ο*, though naturally short, may be long by position: as, for instance, before a double consonant, as *ἔζη*, or before two or more consonants in the same word, as *ἔστιν*, *ὄντα*; or, again, before two consonants, one in their own word and one at the commencement of the following word, as *πικρὸς δε*, *ἀνδρῆς γαρ*.

Exc. 1. *α*, *ε*, *ι*, *υ*, are common in such words as *δάκρυ*, *παῖτρος*, *τέκνον*, *πῆκρος*, *λύπρος*.

Exc. 2. A short vowel is common before *βλ*, *βρ*, *γλ*, *γρ*, *δμ*, *ζρ*, *θλ*, *θμ*, *θν*, *κλ*, *κμ*, *κν*, *κρ*, *πλ*, *πμ*, *πν*, *πρ*, *τλ*, *τμ*, *τν*, *τρ*, *φλ*, *φμ*, *φν*, *φρ*.

RULE III. The vowels *ᾱ*, *ĩ*, and *ῥ*, are of doubtful quantity, being used long or short according to circumstances.

RULE IV. A vowel (except *η* or *ω*) before another vowel in the same word is generally short, as *σοφία*, *πληθῦος*. (*Exc.* *λαῖαν*, *ἀνία*, *ιατρος*.)

RULE V. Diphthongs are long (except *αι* in *τοῖοςδε*, *τοῖοντος*, *ποῖω*, and a few other words); and so are all contracted and circumflexed syllables, as *κῦμα*.

RULE VI. Words derived and compounded retain, with few exceptions, the quantity of their simples, as φίλος, φίλεω, φίλητης : φύλον, φύλαρχος. (*Exc.* τάγος, τάγη, τάγονχος.)

FINAL SYLLABLES.

Note. As the quantity of ε and ο, η and ω, never varies, our rules will relate only to á, ι, and υ.

RULE VII. Final -α is generally short, as μουσά (sing. nom. and voc.), ξυλά, δραμά, δραματά, λεοντά, έτυψά, τυψειά, τυπουσά, τυψαντά, παρά, διά.

Exc. 1. Final -α in the nom. and voc. sing. of 1st decl. is long, when preceded by ρ or a short vowel, as ήμερā, σοφιā, or when the word is derived from a verb in -ευω, as παιδειā, from παιδεύω.

Exc. 2. Final -α is long in the fem. sing. of adjs. ending in ος preceded by ρ or a vowel, as άτηρā, άγιā.

Exc. 3. Final -α is long in all duals of substantives, adjectives, and participles, as κριτā, καλā, τυπτουσā : as also in καρā (head), and in παρā when used for παρέστι.

RULE VIII. Final -ι is generally short, as μελι, λεοντι, πολεσι, άμφι, έστι, τυπτουσι, τυπτωσι, άστακτι (adv.); and when appended to the dat. pl. of substs. and adjs., as μουσαισι, λογοισι, καλοισι.

Exc. The ι appended by comic poets to the nom. and acc. of such words as ούτος, &c., is long, as ούτossi, τοιουτονι.

RULE IX. Final -υ is short, as δορυ, συ, νυ (Homeric).

Exc. in the 3rd pers. of verbs in -μι, as έφυ.

RULE X. The diphthongs αι and οι final, are used short by Homer before another word beginning with a vowel, as πειθονταϊ 'Αχαιοι,—κοιρανοϊ εισι.

All consonants at the end of a word [see Rule II.] will make the preceding vowel long, if the next word begins with a consonant; but, assuming that the next word begins with a vowel, then

RULE XI. The vowel α before final ν, ρ, and σ, is generally short, as μουσāν, έτυψāν, τυψασāν, κέαρ, κερās, λεοντās, τυψειās, χερμās.

Exc. 1. -αν final is long in substantives of the 1st decl., and adjectives, where the α final of the nom. is long (see above, Rule VII., *Exc. 1* and *2*), as σοφῖαν, παιδειᾶν, ἀγῖαν; and also in the words περᾶν, λιᾶν, ἀγᾶν.

Exc. 2. -ας final is long in acc. pl. of subst. of first decl., as μουσαῖς, and acc. pl. fem. of adjs. and participles, as ἀγαθᾶς, παρουσαῖς.

RULE XII. The vowel ι before final ν and ς is short, as λογοισῖν, λεουσῖν, πολῖν, πατρῖς, μῖν, νῖν, σφῖν, πρῖν.

Exc. κονῖν, ὀφῖν.

RULE XIII. The vowel υ is short before final ν and ς, as πληθῦς, ὀξύν, πολῦς.

Exc. In participles of verbs in υμι, as φῦς, ζευγνῦν.

RULE XIV. The following feet or combinations of syllables are used in Greek verse:—

-- Spondee.	υ - Iambus.	- υ υ - Choriambus.
- υ υ Dactyl.	- υ Trochee.	
υ υ - Anapæst.	υ υ υ Tribrach.	

RULE XV. The last syllable in every verse (*exc.* in Anapæstic systems, see below, Rule XXIV.) is common.

RULE XVI. Dactylic verse, which includes Heroic and Elegiac, employs only Dactyls and Spondees. Heroic verse consists of lines of six such feet each, called Hexameters. A Pentameter consists of five such feet; and when it is used alternately with the Hexameter, the meter is called Elegiac.

RULE XVII. Hexameter verse. In order to make a proper cæsure, a long syllable, or a long syllable followed by a short one, should stand over from the preceding foot in one at least of the two places marked ".

1st Foot.	2nd Foot.	3rd Foot.	4th Foot.	5th Foot.	6th Foot.
- υ υ	" υ υ	" υ υ	- υ υ	- υ υ	--
--	--	--	--	--	--

Example:

Ἄπὸλ | -λῶνι ἄν- | -ἄκτι τῶν | ἔϋκδ- | -μῶς τῆκῆ | Ἀῆτῶ.

Obs. 1. The construction of the Hexameter by Homer is much less closely confined by rules than in Latin. A spondee is much more frequently admitted in the 5th place; the 5th

and 6th feet are often composed of monosyllables, which seldom find admission in Latin. A cæsura too may occur after the first syllable of the 5th or 6th foot. Short syllables are frequently lengthened by the arsis falling on them in the first place in each foot. All of these licenses occur but very rarely in Virgil; but they may be, and ought to be, imitated in writing Greek Hexameters.

Obs. 2. The dialect used by Homer is peculiar to himself, and must be learned by the study of his poems. Among other points, observe that it avoids contraction, omits the augments of the verbs, and frequently allows a final vowel to stand, without being cut off, before another word commencing with a vowel.

Obs. 3. In the line quoted above from Homer, in the 1st and 4th feet, the 1st syllable is lengthened by arsis; in the 2nd foot the final -ι would naturally be cut off before the initial α; and the cæsura in the 5th foot would not be allowed in Latin.

RULE XVIII. The Pentameter verse is divided into two portions by a long syllable, which closes the first half of the verse; it admits dactyls and spondees into the former half, but dactyls only in the latter, which is also closed by a long syllable.

- - - | - - - | - || - - - | - - - | - ||
- - | - - | || - - - | - - - | - ||

The observations above made on the Hexameter may be applied to the Pentameter also. The rules which compel the Latin Pentameter to end in a word of two syllables, and that word a noun substantive or a verb, and of neither more nor less than two syllables, do not hold good in Greek; neither need the sense terminate with each couplet.

Example: κῦμαῖρᾶ | ποιεῖ- | -ται || χεῖμαῖτῖ | νῦξ ὀλῶ- | -ῃ ||

RULE XIX. 1. In the Dactylic systems each foot is called a metre. In Iambic, and most other lyric verse, two feet are held to compose a metre; consequently an Iambic verse of four feet is called a Dimeter, and of six a Trimeter.

2. The Iambic system originally employed Iambics only [- ∪ -]. See Horace, *Ars Poet.* 253. It afterwards admitted

the Tribrach [υ υ υ] as an equivalent; then the Spondee [- -]; and eventually the Dactyl [- υ υ] and Anapæst [υ υ -].

Metre 1.		Metre 2.		Metre 3.	
1st Foot.	2nd Foot.	3rd Foot.	4th Foot.	5th Foot.	6th Foot.
1. υ -	υ -	υ -	υ -	υ -	υ -
2. υ υ υ	υ υ υ	υ υ υ	υ υ υ	υ υ υ	
3. - -		- -		- -	
4. - υ υ		- υ υ			
5. υ υ -					

RULE XX. Examples of Tragic Iambic Senarius.

1. δ πα-	-σί κλει-	-νός Οί-	-δῖπους	κάλοῦ-	-μένος
3. ἀλλ' ἄσ-	-φᾶλει-	-α τῆνδ'	ἄνῶρ-	-θωσῶν	πῶλιν
4. { ἄερί	πῶτᾶ-	-ταί καί	τίνει	ταῦτῆν	δίκην
οὔτῳ	φύτεῦ-	-εἰ Πέλδ-	-πᾶ τοῦ δ'	Ἀτρεῦς	ἔφῃ
5. ἱκέτεῦ-	-δμῆν	σέ παν-	-τές οἱ-	-δέ πρὸς-	-τρῶποι

Obs. 1. A Tribrach is rarely found in the 5th foot; it must never follow a Dactyl, nor should more than one Tribrach occur in the same verse.

Obs. 2. When a proper name occurs which could not otherwise find a place in the verse, an Anapæst is allowed in any foot except the last; as

Μῆνελᾶ- | -ός ἄγα- || -γῶν Ἑρ- | -μῖδ' ἦν || Σπάρτης | ἄπο ||

Obs. 3. A Cæsura (marked'') must occur after the 1st syllable of either the 3rd (penthemimeral) or 4th foot (heptemimeral); as

ὦ τέκ- | -νᾶ Κᾰδ- || -μοῦ'' τοῦ | πᾶλαί || νῆᾶ | τρῶφῆ ||
 ἱκτῆ- | -ρῖοις || κλαῖδοι- | -σί''ν ἔξ- || -ἔστῃμ- | -μῆνοι ||

Verses without such a cæsura sometimes occur, but they are not to be imitated.

Obs. 4. A syllable elided at the close of the 3rd Foot will, however, serve for a cæsura; as

ὦ στῆμ- | -μᾶτᾶ || ξῆνᾶσ''' | ἔπεκ- || -λῶσεν | θεῖᾶ ||

Obs. 5. The 3rd and 4th feet are never united into one foot.

Obs. 6. If a Cæsura occur after the first syllable of the

5th foot, that syllable must be short. Hence the following will not stand :—

ῶς δῆ | δέδῆγ- || -μαῖ ρῆν | ἔμαῦ- || -τοῦ κᾶρ- | -δίᾱν ||

Exc. a. When the first syllable of the 5th foot is a monosyllable capable of beginning a sentence ; as

ῶς οὐδ- | -ἐν ἔσθ- || -λὸν ἔτι | λῆγῶ || τῶν ὀρ- | -γῖῶν ||

Exc. b. When the second syllable of the 5th foot is a monosyllable incapable of beginning a sentence ; as

ἄλλ' ῶς | ρᾶχῖσ- || -τᾶ παῖ- | -δέξ ὕ- || -μεῖς μῆν | βᾶθρῶν ||

RULE XXI. The dialect employed by the Greek tragedians in the Dialogue is the Attic. They used, therefore, only contracted forms in their Iambic verse.

Exc. 1. The Ionic -ῖ may be added to datives in -αις and -οις, as *μουσαισί, λογοισί.*

Exc. 2. -ν may be added to 3rd pers. sing. of verbs before consonants, as *εἶπεν ταδε.*

Exc. 3. Hiatus of vowels is not allowed except (though rarely) after εὐ and τι. Diphthongs and long vowels are not elided, neither is the final ι of dat. sing.

Exc. 4. a. The article is not elided, but undergoes a crasis, as *τάθλα* for *τα ἄθλα*, *ἄνηρ* for *ὁ ἄνηρ*, *ἄτερος*, or *θάτερος* for *ὁ ἕτερος*. *b.* The crasis of *καί* is generally formed by dropping the *αι*, as *καὶ ἀγαθος* = *κᾶγαθος*.

Note. For a complete list of the various crases allowable in Greek Iambic verse, the reader is referred to the author's *Handbook of the Greek Drama*, chap. xii. pp. 151—153.

Exc. 5. A short vowel is sometimes elided at the commencement of a word after a final long vowel preceding ; as *μολω ἔγω*—(Prodelision).

Exc. 6. Sometimes two syllables in the same word, or in different words, are made to coalesce into one without elision : *πολεῶς* (dissyll.), *θεῶς* (monosyll.).

Exc. 7. The following Epic and Ionic forms may be used :—*ξεινος, μουννος, αἶει, αἶεν, μεσσος, ζοη, ἔρος, οὐνομα, γουννατα, δουρι, πολλος, εἰλίσσω, εἵνεκα, οὐνεκα, νοος, ῥεεθρον, εὐροος, πολεος* (for *πολεως*), &c.

Exc. 8. The following Doricisms may be used: ἄθανα, δαρος, ἑκατι, κυναγος, ὀπαδος, καρανον, ἀραρε, γαμορος, γαποτος. And also these Æolic forms:—πεδαρος, πεδαρσιος, πεδαιχμιος, and μασσων.

Exc. 9. ι in ἡμῖν and ὑμῖν may be shortened by writing them as oxytone, as ἡμῖν [ι], ὑμῖν [ι].

Exc. 10. A few other irregular forms occur, such as κατανεῖν, ἀμπεχεῖν, ἀμμενεῖν.

Note. The other irregular forms and constructions which are allowable must be learned by observation. A list will be found in the *Handbook of the Greek Drama*, referred to above.

RULE XXII. The dialect of the chorus in the Greek Tragedians is Doric. The metres used in it are various. The most frequent are, (1.) Trochaic, and (2.) Anapæstic.

RULE XXIII. The most common Trochaic metre is the Tetrameter *Catalectic* (i.e. short by one syllable). It may be formed by prefixing a cretic (— υ —), or its equivalent, to a common Iambic Senarius; as

θᾶσσον ἦ μ' || 1. | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. | 6.
ἐχρηῖ | προβαῖ- | -νεῖν ι- | -κδμηῖν | δι' ᾄσ | -τεῖος.

Obs. But this Iambic Senarius does not admit an Anapæst in its first foot; and it must have the penthemimeral cæsure. (See above, Rule XX. Obs. 3.)

SCALE.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.
— υ —	— υ —	— υ —	— υ —	— υ —	— υ —	— υ —	—
υ υ υ	υ υ υ	υ υ υ	υ υ υ	υ υ υ	υ υ υ	υ υ υ	
	— —		— —		— —		
	υ υ —		υ υ —		υ υ —		

RULE XXIV. The Anapæstic verse most frequently used is the Dimeter. The following is the scale:—

1.	2.	3.	4.
υ υ —	υ υ —	υ υ —	υ υ —
— —	— —	— —	— —
— υ υ	— υ υ	— υ υ	— υ υ

Example: δέσμοις | ἄγριοις | ἄλυτοῖς | πέλασας ||

Obs. 1. Unlike other systems of verse, the Anapæstic system avoids cæsura as much as possible; the words nearly always terminating with each foot, or, at all events, with each metre.

Obs. 2. The quantity of the last syllable in each verse is affected by the initial syllable of the succeeding one. (This is called Synaphea.)

Obs. 3. An Anapæst can never follow a Dactyl.

Obs. 4. Anapæstic verses are mostly found arranged in systems of from four to twenty lines. The last line in such a system is generally shortened by one syllable, and, from often containing a proverb or sentence, is called a Parœmiac. It is generally preceded by a monometer. The latter, however, may occur anywhere in the system; and the last syllable of the Parœmiac is not subject to synaphea.

RULE XXV. The other metres used in the Chorus of Tragedy are either Dactylic, Ionic à Majore, Ionic à Minore, Choriambic, Antispastic, Dochmiac, or Cretic. Those verses which employ more than one of these kinds of feet are called Asynarteti.

Obs. The systems to be imitated by beginners are those which are given above at length.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES

IN

GREEK IAMBIC VERSE.

PART I.

* * In this part, all words joined by a hyphen are to be rendered by one word in Greek, the constructions are of the easiest kind, and the tribrach (√ √ √) is seldom used. A vocabulary of all words contained in this part will be found at page 5.

EXERCISE I.

He-shall-die nobly, fighting-for the city.
And great wealth is in this land.
Whoever indeed (is) favourable to-this city, remains.
The-offspring of-a-dread serpent, a prodigy hard-to-conquer.
Thou-shalt-kill the-seed of-the-viper, and save the-city.
And the-sun shall-behold a-terrible deed.
Wealth is-present, and excess of-moneys.
He-drives-away from-my land every disease.
I-will-search-out the wanderings of-thy mind.
I-dwell a-partner in the-houses of-the-rich.
But having-prospered you-forget the Gods.
I-behold the-dear head of-a-dear wife.
For what (is) better than-a-kindly wife?
I-see a-woman most-unfortunate of-all.
All the-Gods hate the base of-mortals.
Ye-banish the unfortunate out-of the-city.
It-behoves all to-speak well (of) those who-speak well.
For dreadful anger and hard-to-be-healed burns.

EXERCISE II.

And thou-wilt-do these-things, fearing the Gods.
 Zeus is always hostile to-the Gods below.
 The-citizens will-place him at the-helm of-the-city.
 Cease: here cometh a-crowd of-women.
 What gain indeed is-it to-revere the bad?
 The covetous manners do-not profit.
 For they-do-not reverence the-ancient throne of-Zeus.
 And now ye-banish citizens from (their) homes.
 By the-Gods, be-silent; cherish not a-stubborn mind.
 For a-good woman (is) a-gain to-have in the-house.
 God indeed is kind to-all mortals.
 And we-are useless servants of-the Gods.
 And indeed ye-behold Corinth, oh-attendants.
 And now it-is-possible to-me to-boast thus.
 Both of-the Gods above, and of-the (Gods) below.
 A-swarm of-bees quits the-shade of-an-oak.
 It is-right to-address a-mother with-kindly speech.

EXERCISE III.

For who reveres in honour a-crowd of-women?
 Why dost-thou-utter this word too true?
 For Zeus sits, exulting in-invincible might.
 Make-to-cess thy-mouth full-of-curses to-this house.
 Among the Gods who-sit-on a-venerable seat.
 He-pollutes (his) hands in-the-stream of-a-virgin's-blood.
 You-have-accomplished a-long way, acting-as-captain.
 Associating with-good men you-carry-off gain.
 The bad prevail always apart-from justice.
 Over an-angry man the-deity laughs hostile.
 Impious mortals had-a-share-of this land.
 Do-not do this, by the-Olympian Gods.
 But why these-things are (so), I cannot conjecture.
 All the-Gods hate impious banquets.
 For it-is-not fit to-speak this to all.
 But a-bloody hatred abides in the-house.
 And now bereft of-thought, I-am-in-difficulty.

EXERCISE IV.

Stranger ladies, and maidens of-the-country.^{adj.}
 Being-born a slave, you-practise slavish habits.
 Bereft of-a-city and of-the-Gods of-the-country.
 For thou-tellest nothing new nor useful.
 And why did-you-send-out these children from the house?^{pl.}
 And the-glory of-the-Gods doth-not perish ever.
 I-am ready to-save thee from-these labours.
 And we-are-driving-out these men from the-altars.
 For while-friends are, there-is a safe bulwark.
 Zeus however (is) joint-author of-these evils.
 You-rejoice indeed, being the-nurse of this child.
 And having-done an-unholy deed, he-hath-gone-out of-the-land.

^{fem.}
 Being bitter indeed to-enemies, and to-the-whole city.
 And to this Chersonesian region he-is-come.
 But I-cherish an-unbent spirit, nor do-I-yield to-evils.
 But yield thou to-those in-power, being yourself an-exile.
 There is-need indeed of-the presence of-these maidens.
 For I-myself came from the-Iolchian land.
 But my-city (is) much dearer than-all children.
 I-live indeed unholy, being-defiled with blood.^{pl.}
 What? does-he-dishonour this land of-the Pelasgi?

EXERCISE V.

(He) leads a-blind old-man into the-abodes of the-house.^{pl.}
 For there-is might, and the Gods are-present to-thee.
 But he-has a dread device in the-middle-of his-shield.
 Artēmis hath-joined battle, a dread Goddess.
 But ye behold this land preserved.
 For it-is a-dreadful grief to-see the-tomb.
 Gone-is the-life of-the dead brother.
 And having-left the-virgins'-chambers, she-departs.
 For dying disgracefully he-will-stain all this plain.
 It-is-possible to-lament, the-masters having-perished.

(Thy) brother Creon has-gone-out-of the house.^{pl.}
 The zeal accomplishes much toil.
 Thou too art-present about-to-lay-waste the-altars of-
^{adj.} thy-country.
 But I-know them to-be bold in speech.^{pl.}
 For (it-is) hard to-come to the-seven-towered city.
 Be-of-good-cheer, for King Antiphon is-near.
^{pl.} Doing this, ye-would save the-city of-the Thebans.

EXERCISE VI.

For surely it-is-decreed by-the Olympian Gods.
 This captive maiden approaches.
 This (is) neither new nor unexpected to-the-city.
 Speaking at-random, mortals suffer many-things.
 A-Goddess is-present, called Artēmis.
 For now an-opportunity is-present, if you-wish to-come.
 For the Gods are-powerful, and Justice prevails.
 Abundant wealth came, a-gift from the-Gods.
 Evil insolence is-wont to-produce a tyrant.
 (There is) to-thee a-tyrannical spirit, and dreadful strength.
 To-all mortals to-die is-due.
 For the-flower of-the-house, Antiphon, departs.
 For to-do well (is) better than to-fare well.
 There-is-present (one) who knows-how to-be-prudent.
 In the sea there-is abundance of-fishes.
 The King lies-exposed, (as) food for-beasts and dogs.
 Among the citizens there-is most-hateful rage.
 For the present wealth he-is-wont to-cast-away.
^{pl.} For the victorious not at-all care-for friends.
 Well; why delayest? what? fearest-thou new Gods?

VOCABULARY TO PART I.

abide, μένω	burn, φλέγω
abode, στέγη	but, δέ, ἀλλά
above, ἄνω, ἄνωθεν, ὑπερθεν	by (used as an oath), πρὸς with gen. c.
abundance, πλῆθος	call, καλῶ
abundant, περισσός	cannot, οὐκ ἔχω
accomplish, ἀνύω, περαίνω	captain (act-as), στρατηλατῶ
act-as-captain, στρατηλατῶ	captive, αἰχμαλωτός
all, πᾶς	care-for, κήδομαι
altar, βῶμος	carry-off, φέρω
always, ἀεί, αἰέν	cast-away, ἐκβάλλω
am, εἰμί, κυρῶ, πέφυκα	cease act.), παύω
among, ἐν, μετά	cease (neut.), παύομαι
ancient, παλαιός, ἀρχαῖος	cherish, τρέφω
angry, θερμός	Chersonesian, Χερσονήσιος
Antiphon, Ἀντιφῶν	child, παῖς
apart-from, ἄτερ, πλέον	citizen, πολίτης, ἀστός
approach, προσέρχομαι	city, πόλις
Artemis, Ἄρτεμις	come, ἔρχομαι, μολῶ
associate, ὁμιλῶ	come (to-be), ἵκω
at-all, τι (encl.)	conjecture, συνεικάζω
attendant, πρόσπολος	Corinth, Κόρινθος
bad, κακός, αἰσχρός	country, χώρα
banish, ἐλαύνω, ἐξελαύνω	country (of-the-) πατρίς, ἐγχώριος
banquet, δεῖπνον	covetous, φιλάργυρος
base, κακός, αἰσχρός	Creon, Κρέων
battle, μάχη	crowd, πλῆθος, ὄμιλος
beast, θήρ	dead, θανών (2. aor. part.)
bee, μέλισσα	dear, φίλος
behold, εἰσδράω, προσόπτομαι	decreed (it-is-), δοκεῖ (perf. pass.)
behoves (it) δεῖ, χρή, χρέων, πρέπει	deed, πρᾶγμα, ἔργον
below, κάτω (adv.), νέρτερος (adj.)	defiled, πεφυρμένος
bereave, στερεῶ	delay, μέλλω
better, ἀμείνων, ὑπέρτερος	depart, ἀπέρχομαι
bitter, πικρός	device, σῆμα
blind, τυφλός	die, θνήσκω, καταθνήσκω
blood, αἷμα, φόνος	difficulty (to be 'n), ἀμνηχανῶ
bloody, αἱματηρός	disease, νόσος
boast, κομπάζω	disgracefully, αἰσχρῶς, κακῶς
bold, θράσους	dishonour, ἀτιμάζω
born (I am), πέφυκα	do, ποιῶ, πράττω, δράω
brother, ἀδελφός, κασιγνητός	dog, κύων
bulwark, ἔρκος	dread, dreadful, δεινός

drive out, ἐξελαύνω
 due (to be), ὀφείλομαι
 dwell, οἰκῶ, ναίω
 enemy, ἐχθρός
 ever, πότε
 every, πᾶς
 evil, κακός
 excess, ὑπερβολή
 exile, φύγας
 exult, βρύω
 fare (to), πράσσω
 favourable, εὖνους
 fear, τρέω, φοβοῦμαι
 fight-for, ὑπερμαχῶ
 fish, ἰχθύς
 fit (it is), προσήκει
 flower, ἄνθος
 for, γάρ
 food, βόρᾰ
 forget, ἀμνημονῶ
 friend, φίλος
 full-of-curses, ἀραῖος
 gain, κέρδος
 gift, δόσις
 glory, δόξα, κῦδος
 God, θεός, δαίμων
 Goddess, θεά
 good, ἐσθλός, ἀγαθός, χρηστός
 gone, φροῦδος
 go-out-from, ἐξέρχομαι
 great, μέγας
 grief, ἄλγος
 habits, τρόποι
 hand, χεῖρ
 hard-to-be-healed, δυσίατος
 hard-to-conquer, δύσμαχος
 hate, μισῶ, στυγῶ
 hateful, ἐχθρός
 hatred, ἐχθος, στύγος, μῖσος
 have, ἔχω
 have-a-share-of, μετέχω
 he, ἐκεῖνος, κείνος, αὐτός
 head, κάρα
 helm, πρύμνη
 here, ὧδε
 home, δόμος, οἶκος
 honour, τιμή
 hostile, δυσμενής, ἐχθρός
 house, οἶκος, δόμος
 however, μέντοι
 if, εἰ, ἥν
 impious, δυσσεβής

indeed, μέν, μέντοι, δῆτα
 insolence, ὕβρις
 invincible, πάμμαχος, δύσμαχος
 Iolchian, Ἰώλχιος
 is, ἐστί, κυρεῖ
 join, to, ξυνάπτω
 joint-author, ξυναίτιος, μεταίτιος
 justice, δίκη
 kill, κτείνω
 kind, kindly, εὐφιλής, εὐμενής
 king, ἀναξ
 know, οἶδα, ἔγνων, ἐπίσταμαι
 labour, πόνος
 lady, γυνή
 lament, θρηνῶ, πενθῶ
 land, γῆ, χθών
 laugh, γελῶ
 lay-waste, πορθῶ
 lead, ἄγω
 leave, λείπω, ἐκλείπω
 lie-exposed, πρόκειμαι
 life, βίος
 live, ζῶ
 long, μακρός
 maiden, παρθένος
 make-to-cease, παύω, κοιμᾶ
 man, ἄνθρωπος
 manners, τρόπος
 master, δεσπότης
 middle, midst, μέσος
 might, κράτος, μένος, σθένος
 mind, φρήν or φρένες
 moneys, χρήματα
 mortal, βροτός, θνητός
 mother, μήτηρ
 mouth, στόμα
 much, πόλυσ
 myself, αὐτός (poim. c.)
 near (to-be), παρειαί
 need (there-is), δεῖ
 neither, οὔτε
 new, καινός, νέος
 nobly, καλῶς
 nor, οὔτε
 now, νῦν, ἤδη
 nurse, τροφός
 oak, δρῦς
 offspring, θρέμμα
 Olympian, Ὀλύμπιος
 one-who, ὅστις
 opportunity, καιρός
 out-of, ἐκ, ἐξ

partner, ξύνοικος	stranger, ξένος
Pelasgi, Πελασγοί	stream, ρεῖθρον
perish, ὀλλυμαι (mid. perf. ὄλωλα), ἀπόλλυμαι	strength, μένος
place (to), ἵστημι	stubborn, αὐθάδης
plain, πέδον	suffer, πάσχω
pollute, μιάινω, χραίνω	sun, ἥλιος
possible (to be), πάρειμι	surely, ἦ
powerful (to-be), σθενῶ	swarm, σμήνος
power (those-in), οἱ κρατοῦντες	tell, λέγω, φράζω
practise, ἀσκῶ	than, ἢ
presence, παρουσία	Theban, Θηβαῖος
present (to be), πάρειμι	this, οὗτος, ὅδε
present, πίων (part.)	thought, φρόντις
preserve, σώζω	thus, ὥδε, ταῦτα (n. pl.)
prevail, κρατῶ	thy, σός
prodigy, τέρας	toil, μόχθος
produce, ἐκφύω	tomb, τύμβος, τάφος
profit (to), ὠφελῶ	too, καί
prosper (to), εὐτυχεῖν	too much, ἄγαν
prudent (to-be-), σωφρονῶ	true, ἀληθής
quit, λείπω, ἐκλείπω	tyrannical, τυραννικός
rage, χόλος	tyrant, τύραννος
random (at-), εἰκῇ (adv.)	unbent, ἄκαμπτος
ready, ἐτοῖμος	unexpected, ἀνελπιστός
rejoice, χαίρω	unfortunate, δυστυχής, δυστυχῶν (part.)
region, πλάξ	unholy, ἀναγνος
remain, μένω	useful, χρήσιμος
revere, σέβω	useless, ἀχρεῖος
rich, πλούσιος, εὐδαίμων	utter, ἐκρίπτω
right (it is), χρεών, πρέπει	venerable, σεμνός
safe, ἀσφαλής	victorious, κρατῶν (part.)
save, σώζω	viper, ἐχιδνα
save-from, ἐκσώζω	virgin's-blood (of a-), παρθενοσφγής (adj.)
sea, θάλασσα, ἅλς, πέλαγος	virgin's-chamber, παρθενών
search-out, ἐξιστορῶ	wandering, πλάνη
seat, σέλαμα	way, ὁδός, κέλευθος
see, ὄφρ, βλέπω, εἰσορῶ	wealth, πλοῦτος
seed, σπέρμα	well! εἰεν
send-out, ἐκπέμπω	what! ἦ
serpent, δράκων	whoever, ὅστις
servant, δούλος	why, τί
shade, φυλλὰς	wife, γυνή, δάμαρ
share (=have-a-share-of), μετέχω	wish, θέλω
shield, σάκος	wont (I-am-), φιλῶ, θέλω
silent (to be), σιγᾶω, σιωπᾶω	word, λόγος, ἔπος
sit, ἡμαι, κάθημαι	yield, εἴκω
slave, δούλος	your, σός
speak, λέγω	yourself, αἰτός (nom. c.)
speech, λόγος	zeal, προθυμία
spirit, λῆμα	Zeus, Ζεύς (gen. Διός or Ζηνός)
stain, αἰμάσσω	

PART II.

* * In this part no vocabulary is added; the constructions are less simple and easy; the tribrach (∪ ∪ ∪) occurs frequently, and the hyphens are not uniformly given; and only such graduated assistance is afforded as is thought necessary for the learner.

EXERCISE I.

All-things are-present, strangers, save the-seer of-God.

Let-me-die. No grief touches the-dead.

Why indeed dost-thou-delay to-throw-about (his) foot
chains? 2. aor.

^{οὐκουν}
Wilt-(thou)-not open these doors to-the strangers?

^{εἰεν} ^{ἀπηλλᾶσθαι}
'Tis-well. I-bid depart-from this land
The-(man) thus unchaste, and thus most-hateful to-the-
Gods.

O fellow-citizens, let-us-fear the Gods,

^{ἄν, with subj. 1. aor. τρέω}
And we shall not fear anyone of-men ever.

^{ὅστις} ^{2nd line} ^{ὑπερμαχεῖν}
For (he) is a friend who shrinks not to-fight-for

The country which (he) most loves, ^{πρὸς} against enemies.

For who thinks, that-this God, whom you-call,

^{κλύειν ἄν}
Can-hear prayers and suppliant groans?

For there-is, my-friends, a sweetest charm for-disease,

^{ἐνασκεῖν}
To-exercise the body much in-many labours.

^{adj.} ^{2nd line}
Seest thou how most unworthily of all women

^{φθίνω} ^{ἀπὸ}
She is-perishing after most-glorious deeds?

^{πῶς} ^{pres. part.}
O death, death, why always called

^{κατ' ἡμᾶρ}
Thus, day by day art-thou unable ever to-come?

Willing, not unwilling, they-came-out-from (their) houses ;
 And ^{δη} truly willing now they-shall-come back.

For Zeus, a tyrant, ^{βρύων} exulting ^{πάμμαχος} in-invincible might,
^{ὑπὸ} By the hands of another is-being-robbed-of this throne.
^{συλλάω}, with acc.

O Zeus, ^{οἶον} what a trophy is-it-right to ^{ἵστημι} raise,
^{pl.} The ^{part. 2. aor.} enemy having fallen, both to-thee and to-all-the-Gods!

Surely, (it is) ^{pl.} terrible that-those ^{1. aor. part.} who-have-fared most-ill.
 evilly

Should-bring ^{part.} willingly base evils ^{οἱ πέλας} on-their neighbours.

EXERCISE II.

But that you may know, I tell you more clearly.

^{καὶ γὰρ} For it behoves heralds to relate truly
^{pl.} Each-thing ; but he that is silent ^{ἔφυ} is unjust towards many.

^{part. 2. aor.} But they who-have-cast me out ^{ἀνοσίως} unholily from the land
 Laugh all in silence ; but my disease
^{θάλλω}, perf. mid.

Ever flourishes, and comes to greater (height).

^{οὗτος} Fellow, what doest-thou ? ^{ἐκ} with what ^{φρόνημα} intent
 Dost-thou-insult this land of Pelasgian heroes ?

^{ἦ καὶ} What, and dost-think that-thou-art-come to a city of women ?

For since the deed is-accomplished with-savage hand,

The murderer ^{οὐ μὴ, 1. aor. subj.} will not be willing to pay the penalty
^{ζημία} And to die ; and what ^{προστρίβω} punishment shall-be-inflicted ?
 mid.

But now, if (it be) right to ^{φρενύω} instruct the free

By-servile ^{γνώμη} thoughts, this it is fit that I too should say ;

^{ἐγκρατὴς} ' Whoever is-born ^{αὐτοῦ} temperate, is-master of himself.'

Oh children, (it-is) meet to pray to the Argives,
 And to sacrifice and *to-pour*, as to Gods of Olympus,
 Libations, since they save the city *from* troubles.

I see thee, the unhappy (man), in wretched *fate*
 Labouring; and dread grief lays hold of (my) mind,
 And *sorrow* true; for thou art a worthy stranger.

For he-knows nothing of what he deems to know-well,
 Whosoever thinks to master these-things without labour;
 The Gods give nothing to men without toil.

The citizens indeed think *thus*; and to kill me
 Is *determined* by a public and unjust decree.
 Be it—but I do *not* refuse *to die*, my-friends.

I will-restrain thee from-fleeing; lest ever to another land
 Having-gone an exile, fate bear thee from my
 Hands, and *dire* darkness overtake (thee).

And now, since of this evil there seems
 To be some forgetfulness, hasten thy-journey to the *house*;
At the present calamities (it is) the time to toil.

Then when they-saw me *gladly*, *after* much *sea-faring*,
 Sleeping on the shores in a covered hut,
 They-went indeed, having-left me thus wretched.

Both *living* and dead, a share of the honour
 You shall have; and the citizens worthily *offerings*
 Shall give to your tomb, noble lady!

Come forth, child; *as-a-suppliant* I entreat you!
 Go to him, and address him well;

'O wretched (one), *what* a deed hast thou done with hand!'

But since by-necessity now I leave this city,
 And there is not another (land) now, to which ^{χθών} *land* I may
 flee;
 Willingly ^{1. aor.} *pursue* me an exile, if you-will, ^{ἀκοντα} *against my will*.

EXERCISE III.

The leader indeed seems to be ignorant of the laws at least,
 Whoso thinks of this land without justice
 Always to-be-master; and whoso in battle (as) ^{πρόμος} *a-general*
^{τὸ μέλλον} *Practises delay*, ^{ἐξ ἀβουλίας} *will fall by folly*.

^{πρὸς, with gen.} By (our) father's Gods, I tell thee, ^{πειθομαι} *obeying* me,
 Hither come, and receive this city kindly;

Dare to address (us), ^{ὅστις πρόσημαι} *who sit-near*,
^{μαλθακὸς} *With soft* words; do not grudge ^{part.} *to-speak*.

But thou, oh aged father of these maidens,
 Taking branches of olive ^{αἶψα} *quickly* in thy ^{ἀγκάλη} *arms*
 To (the) other altars of the ^{ἐγχώριος} *country's* Gods,
 Place them (there) straightway; and in-all-other-things
^{εὖ δίδωμι, 2. aor.} *may God be-propitious*.

^{pl.} ^{imp. mood.} But do-you *rule-over* slaves, and free
 Lead your allies, for this is right:
 But I, a slave, will flee (from) this ^{acc.} *land*:
 For what is present to (us) all, save to suffer ill?

Whoever keeps a fold, well ^{οἰκουρέω} *watching*,
^{οὐ μὴ καθεύδω ποτε} *Will never sleep* (1. aor. subj.) if he ^{κυρέω} *be* a good
 Shepherd; but he that flees, or ^{κοιμάομαι} *sleeps* on-ground,
^{διδόναι δίκην} *Daring to betray* the flock, *shall be punished*.

And now I go-away, and of life ^{ὑπεστί 2nd line} *there-is* no regret,
 And I shall gladly ^{προσδέχομαι} receive (my) fate ;
 For he-that-has-suffered dreadful-things, though ^{πίση 2. aor. part.} *he lie* dead,
^{vb. μείζον τι} Is-happy more than his living friends
^{1. aor. εἰ θέμις} *Teach me, mother, if it be right*, what men
 It becomes me addressing with soft words
^{νεῖσθαι} Homeward *to-return*, and to approach the house,
 Both of my father the king, and thy ^{dat.} *abodes*, lady.
^{οὔτοι} *I will not give-up*, this man over long seas ^{sing.}
^{acc. c.} *An exile* to pursue ; and I will become an exile,
 And I will suffer dreadful-things willingly ; lest any-how
 he flee, ^{δικαῖος}
 And not pay the penalty due to the state.

EXERCISE IV.

^{ἐν} Whosoever guards matters at the-helm of-the-city
^{πρέπει κοιμάω} Justly it-becomes (him) not to-close (his) eyelids in-sleep ;
^{πεφυκεναι} And whosoever boasts to-be the bravest
 Of-all citizens, this (man) among the-first always
^{δεν ανδριπτεύω} It-behovés all-(men) to-see risking the battle.
^{εὐλλαμβάνω mid.} Now do thou *aid* these labours, Macárior,
^{προλείπω} And *leave* me not thus with unhappy disease
^{κάμνων} *Afflicted* ; for the God is liberal enough of evils.
^{αὐτὸς} But if on-the-other-hand you depart, *you* have the name of
 friend,
^{τὰ ὄντα} But *the reality* is absent, and you are equal ^{τὸ} *to-a-mere-*
^{μηδέν} *nothing*.

Nevertheless, O queen of this Cadmean land,

^{οἶδε προσμολέω}
We all *here* come-to thee as suppliants,

^{τὸ μὴ 2. aor.}
Not to betray (us) to the most hostile of men,

^{τοὺς with part. 1. aor. εὐσεβῆς}
Who have not done ill, but always *piously*

^{ἀσκέω ὑψιστος}
Living, and *practising* the laws of *lofty* Jove.

^{mid. perf.}
But *I rejoice* indeed, seeing you, contrary to hope,

^{ἀνδύνομος}
Painless, and living, myself being an exile ;

^{1. aor. ἐάω}
But *dismiss* these (men), lest they be weighed down by toil.

^{εὖ παθῶν}
For whoever, *having been kindly treated*, knows (how)

^{εὖ δρᾶν}
to act kindly,

^{2. aor. opt. πᾶς}
Would become a better friend than *any* possession.

^{ἐρῶ}
I, dear mistress, *will-tell* all aright,

^{παρήμι}
And will *leave-unsaid* no word of the truth :

I did the deed, willingly, I will not deny (it) :

And I murdered him, with most savage hand,

^{1. aor. fem. ἤπαρ}
Striking (him) beneath *the heart* : and now indeed

^{πάρα οἰμώζειν}
it-is-my-lot to-suffer.

^{ἵνα}
But do you now hear the matter : and you are come where

^{ὁποῖος part.}
You will show *what-kind* (of a man) *you are* (who) are called
my friend.

^{τρέφω 1. aor.}
Be-bold : *preserve* a bold face in misfortunes ;

^{σκυθρωπὸς συνωφρυνόμενος}
And not *down-cast* or *of-contracted-brow*,

^{imper. δῆκω ὁ νῦν}
Sit, gnawed in-heart by *the present* calamities.

EXERCISE V.

Ye, O Gods, are the saviours of this land

Thus ignobly and impiously *wasted*.
ἀτίμως ἐφθάρμενος

In-other-respects (we) *fare well* from the Olympian Gods,
τάλλα εὐτυχέω

But on account of my *fate* be of good cheer, father.
μοῖρα

Hera indeed I ask a *respice* from these labours
ἀπαλλαγὴ

And (from) my yearly guard: and if it be right I sup-
φρουρά
 plicate,

Both that all the Greeks may again return home,

And that I myself saved may see my own city.

Among men he has shown *(as to)* folly,
ἐν ἡ ἀβουλία acc. c.

How-far the greatest evil it *inflicts-on* a man.
ὅσῳ προστρίβω

The holy heaven indeed desires to kiss the earth,

And love *seizes* earth to obtain *the union* ;
λαμβάνω γάμος

And moist shower falling from the heaven *again*
1. aor. mid. v. αὔτε

Doth kiss the earth ; and she brings forth for men

Both herds of sheep, and the *gladness* of Ceres ;
γάνος

And the *seasons* in turn, from *genial* marriage
ῥα νοτίων

Perfect all things. Of these I (am) *the cause*,
παναίτιος

Called a Goddess (among) Gods and mortals.

O children of the ancient Orestes, to *what* seats
ποῖος

Of men have I come ? for not crowned

With suppliant branches have I hither come ;

But as a *wanderer*, and an exile from my land.
ἀλήτης

But to speak *the truth*, there is no one *who cares-for*
τὸ ὀρθόν μελεῖ

The city and the sufferings of me wretched,
nom.

^{ὅστις} ^{ἀρκέω}
 Nor *who* will *assist* in these misfortunes,
^{ἐκὼν γε} ^{πλ.}
Willingly, save both *you*, and my father.
^{αὐτοὶ πυνθάνομαι} ^{μήδε} ^{ἔστω}
 But *ye* shall-*hear* all-things ; and let (there) be no fear.

EXERCISE VI.

^{fem.} ^{adj.}
 But having-left to all (her) citizens the tumults *of-the-spear*
^{ὀπλισμός} ^{ἀσπαστωρ}
 And the *arming* of ships, and labours *of-the-shield*,
^{ρίμφα}
Lightly the lady went-forth from the gates of the city ;
^{ἀντίφεριος}
 And bringing destruction *as-a-dowry* to Ilium,
 She passed the waves of the sea, in wretched fate ;
^{2. aor. part.} ^{ἀτλητόν} ^{πολλά}
Daring a deed *not-to-be-dared* : and oft groaned
^{προφήτης}
The seer of the halls, bereft of which
^{τὸ λοιπόν} ^{τρίβω}
Hereafter she shall be, and shall *wear-out* a wretched life.

^{δῆ} ^{1. fut.}
 If *now* you think to *raise up* this city
^{ἐμποδῶν} ^{κυρεῖν}
 Dreadfully fallen, let-no-one hinder (you).
^{κἄν} ^{ἀποπτος}
 For the citizens, *though* you be out-of-sight, nevertheless
^{poss. adj.}
 Willingly not unwillingly, into *your* hands
^{art.}
 Will give all things, for the sake of *your* zeal.
^{κληζῶ}
 And we *call* thee a saviour, and of mortals
^{φανείς} ^{συμφορὰ}
 (One who has) *appeared* the best, both in the *events* of life
^{ξυναλλαγῇ}
 And in the unexpected *interventions* of the Deities.
^{καίτοι} ^{κοινῇ}
 And yet why do (we) *in common* delay, the altars of the
 Gods
 To approach all crowned with the boughs,
^{ὥσπερ μάλιστα} ^{ἑφέστιος}
 As *best* the *suppliants* of the Gods
^{τὸ δ' εὖ γένοιτο} ^{κραίνω}
 Befits? but *may* the *right* prevail, the God *willing* (it).

EXERCISE VII.

^{ἦκω}
It-comes to the same, whether in dread battle
We die, or flee into another land.

^{πρόσω} ^{δῆϊον}
For afar dwells the hostile race of Cadmus
^{φρίσσω} pf. pt. ^{κάμπτω πόδα}
Bristling with-spears; but if we return
^{ἐς τοῦπίσω} ^{ἀναμένω} (syncopated form)
Backward, a most-evil fate awaits (us);

^{ἄγριος}
For straightway cruel Creon will slay us,
And it is not (possible) that we can escape this penalty
^{κάμπτω}
Bending our-way back; thus it is, my friends;

^{δήπου γε}
Hard to-be-borne, I ween, (are these things;) but never-
^{χρεών}
theless *we must* bear them;

^{ὀλβίζω}
And us hath one day blessed, and one (day) destroyed.

^{δῶμα} ^{πτυχαι}
Oh! hall of-(my)-father, oh! glades of Cithæron,

^{δύσις}
And sacred summit of hills, the setting of sun

^{φθίνων} ^{τύχη}
As-he-wanes ye shall no longer see, in happy state.

^{fem. κλαίων}
To-your-cost at least however would you-speak further, lady :
^{ἰπεὶ γὰρ} ^{imperf.}
For, know this indeed, hardly should I-have-thought you
Sprung of-me (your) father, or of my race.

^{ξύννομος} ^{pl.}
But oh! ancient partner of unhappy marriage,
^{part.} ^{ἀναγκαῖος}

Who long-since *in-death* from-hard life

^{ἀβλαβῆς}
Hast-found release by happy fate,

^{πῶς ἂν} with opt. ^{φίλον κάρα}
Wouldst-thou-could ever see these-things, oh *dear one!*
^{acc. c.} ^{pl.}

Surely thy daughter, the pride of my house
Beholding at some time, thou wouldst weep, to-her-unhappy
father

From evil tongue most-evil counsels

^{ὥς}
Uttering, how-that it-behoves me foully a master

Dear to betray, and from those who-are-to-be-hated
 Begging some food, to extend my life.

Who at least a king, dearest person to me,
 By sword having-slain, then shameless utterly
 Plundering they-ravage royal abodes.

Say not these-things to me : for how, if ever should-be-need,

Shall-I-endure to address these, a beard

Unshorn cherishing, for the sake of sorrowing affection?

PART III.

EXERCISE I.

'Spirit,' λῆμα. 'racked' = to whom fortune hath given to suffer. 'feverish,' use the verb or partic. (see Eur. *Cycl.* 227). 'unconscious,' λανθάνειν with part. 'bright,' φαεινός. 'at rest,' πόνων ἀπαλλαχθείς.

Soft gentle spirit, from thy birth long racked
 With feverish pains, reared 'mid thy parents' tears,
 Which 'twas thy joy with winning smile to chase,
 Light-hearted then, and all around thee mirth,
 In sweet security unconscious. Go;
 Go seek those bright abodes where care is none,
 And hide thee 'where the weary are at rest.'

EXERCISE II.

'Hidden,' ἄσημος. 'nameless,' νώνυμος. 'silent,' ἀφθογγος. 'restless,' ἀκοιμητός (see Æsch. *P. V.* 139). 'the restless foot of man' = man with restless foot.

Know'st thou the hidden vale?
 The still, the nameless—o'er whose silent meads
 Wander no grazing herds: on whose green turf
 The restless foot of man has worn no path?

EXERCISE III.

'Form,' μόρφωμα (see Æsch. *Ag.* 847). 'doth perfect,' εἰς τέλος ἀγει. 'falls back,' τήκω. mid. perf. 'and vanishes to nothing,' κατὰ μηδὲν ἔρχεται.

E'en as the moon
 In the same form cannot two nights abide,
 But first unseen upon her way doth perfect
 The beauty and the fulness of her face,
 And in her nature's perfectness once seen,
 Again falls back and vanishes to nothing.

EXERCISE IV.

'Starry' (see Eur. *Ph.* 131. *Ion*, 1078). 'threshold' (see Soph. *Aj.* 18). 'My mansion is,' *ναῖω θυραῖος*. 'aëreal,' *ἀμβροτος*. 'which men call earth,' *ἡ χθὼν ἐν βροτοῖς κεκλημένη*. 'low-thoughted,' *ταπεινὰ δὴ φρονῶν*. 'After this mortal change' = when they shall exchange (*ἐξαμείβεσθαι*) mortal form. 'sainted seats' (see Æsch. *Aj.* 176).

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aëreal spirits lived insphered
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
 Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted care
 Confined and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants,
 Amongst the enthroned Gods on sainted seats.

MILTON, *Comus*.

EXERCISE V.

'To lay hold on,' *ἔχεσθαι* with gen. 'by due steps' = with just hand. 'palace of eternity,' *αἰώνιοι στέγαι*. 'to such my errand is' = to these I am present, bearing a new word. 'rank vapour,' *ἀτμός καπνός τε*.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key
 That opes the palace of eternity:
 To such my errand is; and but for such
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

MILTON, *Comus*.

EXERCISE VI.

'Nothing is here,' *οὐ καιρὸς ὧδε*. 'no dispraise or blame,' *οὐ ψεκτὸν οὔτε μέμπτον* (Eur. *Ph.* 428). 'body,' *πτῶμα*. 'where it lies,' *κείμενος*. 'clothed' (see Soph. *Aj.* 410, *Æd. R.* 1278, and Æsch. *Pers.* 801). 'funeral train,' *πόμπιμος τιμή*. 'sweet lyric song,' *ἡδεῖς θρήνων ἀοιδαί*.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,

Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the body where it lies
 Soaked in his enemies' blood ; and from the stream,
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequy and funeral train
 Home to his father's house : there will I build him
 A monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of laurel ever-green, and branching palm,
 With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd
 In copious legend or sweet lyric song.

MILTON, *Samson Agon.*

EXERCISE VII.

'Sublime' (see Soph. *Œd. R.* 788, *Aj.* 1009). 'swift race' = contest of feet (see Eurip. *Hec.* 226). 'rush to battle,' μάχην ξυνάπτειν. 'to prick forth,' θρώσκειν. 'the welkin,' οὐρανοῦ κύκλος. 'to hold,' κατασχεθεῖν.

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
 Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields ;
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van
 Prick forth the æry knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
 From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
 Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.

MILTON, *Par. Lo st.*

EXERCISE VIII.

'To me,' τῷδ' ἀνδρί. 'golden' (see Soph. *Œd. C.* 685). 'to leave,' ἐκπερᾶν ποδί (see Eurip. *Ph.* 100). 'the dead' (see Æsch. *S.* 220). 'shadow,' εἶδωλον σκιᾶς. 'is lost,' ἔρρει, or φροῦδος. 'my comforts,' χάρμα πᾶν βίου. 'are dismayed' = have fled. 'hopes and helps prostrate laid' = a fate not a fate (compare Eur. *Hec.* 612) and hopes deceived. 'I do wish,' σὺ χεδόν γ' ἂν ἠύχόμην.

Oh ! it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face :
Oh ! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race—
Thou shin'st not on the dead in any place ;
And I, dead from this world, am pass'd away :
Or if I seem (a shadow) yet to stay,
It is a while but to bemoan my case.
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield :
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid,
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

DRUMMOND.

EXERCISE IX.

'Blest abodes' = abodes of happy ones. 'recesses,' μυχοί, ἀναπτυχαί. 'rising and declining day' (see Æsch. *Pers.* 228, *S.* 252, *P. V.* 456, 709, 810). 'space,' πλάκας. 'starry' (see Eur. *Ph.* 131, *Ion*, 1078). 'Consistory' (see Æsch. *Ag.* 4, and *Ch.* 10). 'powers,' δαίμονες. 'wind,' Νότος. 'those that give,' οἷς πρόσκειται γέρας δοῦναι or κελεύσαι.

And now th' Almighty Father of the gods
Convenes a council in the blest abodes.
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth and air and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The Majesty of Heaven superior shone ;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.

At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd ;
 Next a long order of inferior powers
 Ascend from hills and plains and shady bowers ;
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
 And those that give the wandering winds to blow.

POPE.

EXERCISE X.

'Her birth . . . is the least grace' = But least blameable is she as to race, *ἡκιστὰ γε μεμπτός*. 'the Thunderer,' *βροντῆς Πάτερ*. 'are superficial' = *πρόσεστι*. 'Poets,' *ἄοιδοί*. 'excelling' (see *Æsch. P. V.* 925). 'one glance' (see *Æsch. Ag.* 722). 'To shun superstition in others' = lest another sin worshipping, *προσκυνῶν*. 'if I said . . . adoration' = even were I to fall down before her (see *Æsch. Pers.* 148).

Her birth, old man,
 Is the least grace in her : and though her beauties
 Might make the Thunderer a rival for her,
 They are but superficial ornaments,
 And faintly speak her : from her heavenly mind,
 Were all antiquity and fiction lost,
 Our modern poets could not in their fancy
 But fashion a Minerva far transcending
 The imagined one whom Homer only dreamt.
 But then add this—she's mine, Eubulus, mine !
 And though she knows one glance from her fair eyes
 Must make all gazers her idolaters,
 She is so sparing of their influence,
 That, to shun superstition in others,
 She shoots her powerful beams only at me.
 And can I then, whom she desires to hold
 Her kingly captive above all the world,
 Whose nations and empires, if she pleased,
 She might command as slaves, but gladly pay
 The humble tribute of my love and service—
 Nay, if I said of adoration, to her,
 I did not err ?

MASSINGER.

EXERCISE XI.

'Socia' (see Æsch. *S.* 444, *E.* 633). 'adnectere navem,' ὀρμίζειν σκάφος.
 Saturnius (see Æsch. *P. V.* 185. Line 6, compare Æsch. *P. V.* 622).
 'Transverberatus' (see Æsch. *P. V.* 20, 113). 'castra,' ἔδρα. 'Tertio quoque die,' τριταῖος (comp. Eur. *Hec.* 32, *El.* 171, *Hip.* 275). 'Jovis satellites' (see Æsch. *P. V.* 1024). 'satiata' (see Eur. *Hip.* 663, and *El.* 430).

Titanum suboles, socia nostri sanguinis,
 Generata cælo, aspiciite religatum asperis
 Vincitumque saxis : navem ut horrisono freto
 Noctem paventes timidi adnectunt navitæ :
 Saturnius me sic infixit Jupiter,
 Jovisque numen Mulcibri ascivit manus ;
 Hos ille cuneos fabricâ crudeli inserens,
 Perrupit artus : quâ miser sollertiâ
 Transverberatus, castrum hoc furiarum incolo.
 Jam tertio me quoque funesto die,
 Tristi advolatu, aduncis lacerans unguibus
 Jovis satellites pastu dilaniat fero.
 Tum, jecore opimo farta et satiata affatim,
 Clangorem fundit vastum, et, sublimè avolans,
 Pinnatâ caudâ nostrum adulat sanguinem.

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp. II.*

EXERCISE XII.

'With wavering resolution' (see Æsch. *C.* 194). 'conjugal affection,' στέργειν. 'thy estate,' οἶα δὴ πρόσσεις. 'to recompense' (see Æsch. *S.* 267, *P.* 429 ; Soph. *E.* 120, 571). 'misdeed,' ῥαδιουργία χερῶν.

With doubtful feet and wavering resolution,
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge. . . .
 But conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou sufferest, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

MILTON, *Samson Agon.*

EXERCISE XIII.

'Tis not vain' (see *Æsch. C.* 527). 'rifted rocks' = recesses of rocky caves. 'hideous,' *δυσήλιος* (see *Æsch. E.* 374). 'a sorcerer,' *μαγός τις*. 'witcheries,' *τέχναι*. 'likeness,' *εἰκών*. 'to un mould' (see *Æsch. S.c. T.* 15, *Ch.* 496). 'to fix,' *χαράσσειν* (see *Eur. Rh.* 73).

Spir. Ah ! me unhappy ; then my fears are true.
Eld. Br. What fears, good Thyrsis ? prithee briefly
 show.

S. I'll tell ye : 'tis not vain or fabulous,
 Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance,
 What the sage poets taught by the heavenly muse
 Storied of old, in high immortal verse,
 Of dire chimæras, and enchanted isles,
 And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to Hell ;
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
 Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep-skilled in all his mother's witcheries ;
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,
 By sly enticement, gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, un moulding Reason's mintage,
 Character'd in the face.

MILTON, *Comus*.

PART IV.

EXERCISE I.

Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
 Thou didst usurp my place; and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

EXERCISE II.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit lived; a melancholy man
 Who was the wonder of our wandering swains.

C

Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,
 And, entering on discourse, such stories told
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell;
 For he had been a soldier in his youth,
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
 The blessed Cross, and won the Holy Land.

HOME.

EXERCISE III.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
 And harmful pity must be laid aside.
 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
 Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
 Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
 And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VI.*

EXERCISE IV.

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

SHAKSPEARE, *Julius Cæsar.*

EXERCISE V.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
 Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
 Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
 And oft beyond: to south the Persian bay,
 And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
 Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
 Judah and all thy father David's house
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
 Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,
 His city, there thou seest, and Bactria there;
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
 The drink of none but kings.

MILTON, *Par. Lost.*

EXERCISE VI.

But I shall rise victorious and subdue
 My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil:
 Death his death-wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.
 I through the ample air, in triumph high
 Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
 Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:

Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
 Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
 And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

MILTON, *Par. Lost.*

EXERCISE VII.

I know thy meaning.
 But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
 The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
 In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
 Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands.
 Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
 And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
 When first I came to empire, I was borne
 On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
 The wish of nations, and the willing world
 Received me as its pledge of future peace;
 I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
 Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
 And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
 And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
 My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
 At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
 Gone, gone, divorced for ever.

EXERCISE VIII.

Like as the culore on the bared bough
 Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
 And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
 For his return, that seems to linger late;
 So I alone, now left disconsolate,
 Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
 And, wandering here and there all desolate,
 Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.

The joy of naught that under heaven doth love,
 Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight;
 Whose sweet aspèct both God and man can move
 In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
 Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
 And dead my light that wants such lively bliss.

SPENSER.

EXERCISE IX.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the
 Throw this report on their incensed rage, [peers,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

SHAKSPEARE, *King John*.

EXERCISE X.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?
 I am unfit for state and majesty :—
 I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;
 I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—As in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you ;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

SHAKSPEARE.

EXERCISE XI.

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir :
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-clapt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKSPEARE.

EXERCISE XII.

The battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :

Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
 Now, one the better; then, another best:
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.
 Here, on this molehill will I sit me down,
 To whom God will, there be the victory!
 SHAKESPEARE, *K. Henry VI.*

EXERCISE XIII.

Phædra. Now all the spirits of my godlike race
 Enflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance.
 Jove first, and then my sire, the avenging Sun,
 Inspire my fury, and demand my justice.
 Oh! you shall have it; thou Minos shalt applaud it;
 Yes, thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
 God of revenge. He comes, behold! he comes;
 And shoots himself through all my kindling blood.
 I have it here. Now, base perfidious wretch,
 Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
 Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance:
 Ismena dies; and thou her pitying lover
 Doom'st her to death. Thou too shalt see her bleed.
 SMITH'S *Phædra and Hippolytus.*

EXERCISE XIV.

N. But think what you are doing!
T. What can be thought, already has been thought.
N. And being there, what purpose you to do?
T. There's a divinity will prompt my soul.
N. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
 And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
T. To a deep quiet, such as he has found.
 It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
 Resistless does it draw me to the grave.
 There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.

O hasten, make no further questioning!
 There is no rest for me till I have left
 These walls—they fall in on me—a dim power
 Drives me from hence . . . Oh! mercy! What a feeling!
 What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
 They crowd the place! I have no longer room!
 Mercy! Still more! more still! The hideous swarm!
 They press on me; they chase me from these walls,
 Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

EXERCISE XV.

Let us appear nor rash nor diffident.
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
 And fear admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desperate; we have bulwarks round us:
 Within our walls are troops inured to toil
 In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
 While there is hope do not distrust the gods;
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

EXERCISE XVI.

And to poor we,
 Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory
 Whereto we are bound? Alack or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish which side should win.

SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*.

EXERCISE XVII.

But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimm'ring dawn. Here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
 As from her outmost works a broken foe,
 With tumult less, and with less hostile din;
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,
 With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
 And fast by hanging in a golden chain
 This pendant world, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.

MILTON.

EXERCISE XVIII.

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
 Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air imprisoned also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
 The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
 With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works: unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me: hence with leave

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.

MILTON, *Samson Agon.*

EXERCISE XIX.

Please you to hear me, Satraps;
 And chiefly thou, my priest, because I doubt thee
 More than the soldier; and would doubt thee all,
 Wert thou not half a warrior; let us part
 In peace—I'll not say pardon—which must be
 Earned by the guilty; this I'll not pronounce ye,
 Although upon this breath of mine depends
 Your own: and deadlier for ye, on my fears.
 But fear not—for that I am soft, not fearful—
 And so live on. Were I the thing some think me,
 Your heads would now be dripping the last drops
 Of their attained gore from the high gates
 Of this our palace, into the dry dust,
 Their only portion of the coveted kingdom
 They would be crowned to reign o'er—let that pass.
 As I have said, I will not deem ye guilty,
 Nor doom ye guiltless. Albeit better men
 Than ye or I stand ready to arraign you;
 And should I leave your fate to sterner judges,
 And proofs of all kinds, I might sacrifice
 Two men, who, whatsoe'er they now are, were
 Once honest. Ye are free, Sirs!

BYRON, *Sardanapalus.*

EXERCISE XX.

But do not so: I have here five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you: Let me be your servant.
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

SHAKSPEARE.

EXERCISE XXI.

Thou seest it with a love-lorn maiden's eyes.
 Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art;
 Into no house of joyance hast thou stepp'd,
 For no espousals dost thou find the walls
 Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
 Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
 That all these thousands are here congregated
 To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
 Thou seest thy father's forehead full of thought,
 Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
 Lies the great destiny of all our house.
 Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
 Or thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
 Thou art the daughter of the Mighty—*his*
 Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
 Not to herself the woman must belong,
 Annex'd and bound to alien destinies.
 But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
 Who can transmute the alien into self,
 Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
 And what must be, take freely to her heart,
 And bear and foster it with mother's love.

COLERIDGE'S *Piccolomini*.

EXERCISE XXII.

Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep !
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names ;
The very sweetest words that fancy frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep !
Dear bosom-child we call thee, thou dost steep
In rich reward all suffering ; balm that tames
All anguish ; saint, that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,
I surely not a man ungently made,
Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is crost ?
Perverse, self-willed, to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most !

EXERCISE XXIII.

There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail ;
There gloom the broad dark seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me ;
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old :
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil :
Death closes all ;—but something, ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs ; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down ;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by Time and Fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON, *Ulysses*.

EXERCISE XXIV.

VAL. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was!
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia:
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
 What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
 They love me well; yet I have much to do,
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

SHAKSPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

EXERCISE XXV.

VAL. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
 Have some malignant power upon my life;
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

PRO. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
 Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence :
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate :
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs :
 As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.
 SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

EXERCISE XXVI.

Alas ! my mind's ill married to my body !
 I would be young, be handsome, be beloved.
 Could I but breathe myself into Adrastus,
 Were but my soul in Œdipus, I were king :
 Then had I killed a monster, gained a battle,
 And led my rival prisoner. Brave, brave actions !
 Why have I not done these ? my fortune hindered ;
 There 'tis. I have a soul to do them all ;
 But fortune will have nothing done that's great,
 But by young, handsome fools. Body and brawn
 Do all her work. Hercules was a fool,
 And straight grew famous : a mad boisterous fool,
 Nay worse, a woman's fool. Fool is the stuff
 Of which heaven makes a hero.

EXERCISE XXVII.

Look, sister, ere the vapour dim thy brain :
 Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
 As a lake, paving in the morning sky,
 With azure waves which burst in silver light,
 Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on
 Under the curdling winds, and islanding

The peak whereon we stand, midway, around,
 Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,
 Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illuminated caves,
 And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist;
 And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
 From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling
 The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,
 From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
 Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.

EXERCISE XXVIII.

Know'st thou not,

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
 In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

SHAKESPEARE, *K. Richard.*

EXERCISE XXIX.

What can atone, O ever injured shade,
 Thy fate unpitied and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd!
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances and the public show;

What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ersshade
 The ground, now sacred by their relics made.
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 Which once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

POPE.

 EXERCISE XXX.

Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed,
 Whose right hand I have holden, to subdue
 Nations before him : I will go before thee,
 To loose the strong-knit loins of mighty kings,
 Make straight the crooked places, break in pieces
 The gates of solid brass, and cut in sunder
 The bars of iron. For my servant's sake,
 Israel my chosen, though thou hast not known me,
 I have surnam'd thee : I have girded thee :
 That from the rising to the setting sun
 The nations may confess I am the Lord,
 There is none else, there is no God besides me.
 Thou shalt perform my pleasure, to Jerusalem
 Saying, Thou shalt be built ; and to the Temple,
 Thy raz'd foundation shall again be laid.

 EXERCISE XXXI.

I do believe you innocent, a good man,
 And Heav'n forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me !

Why look ye wild, my friends? why stare ye on me?
 I charge ye, as ye're men, my men, my lovers,
 As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers,
 Let down your anger! Is not this our sovereign?
 The head of mercy and of law? Who dares then,
 But rebels, scorning law, appear thus violent?
 Is this a place for swords, for threat'ning fires?
 The rev'rence of this house dares any touch,
 But with obedient knees, and pious duties?
 Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him?
 Has he not pow'r to punish our offences,
 And don't we daily fall into 'em? Assure you
 I did offend, and highly, grievously;
 This good sweet prince I offended, my life forfeited,
 Which yet his mercy, and his old love met with,
 And only let me feel his light rod this way.
 Ye are to thank him for your general,
 Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods for him.
 Ye are offenders too, daily offenders;
 Proud insolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,
 Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person;
 Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,
 And where his pow'r might persecute, forgives ye.

 EXERCISE XXXII.

Simo. Scies.

Effertur: imus. Interea inter mulieres,
 Quæ ibi aderant, forte unam aspicio adolescentulam,
 Formâ

Sosia. Bonâ fortasse. Simo. Et vultu, Sosia,

Adeo modesto, adeo venusto, ut nihil supra.

Quia tum mihi lamentari præter ceteras

Visa est, et quia erat formâ præter ceteras

Honestâ et liberali, accedo ad pedisequas:

Quæ sit, rogo. Sororem esse aiunt Chrysidis.

Percussit illico animum. Atat! hoc illud est,

Hinc illæ lacrumæ, hæc illa est misericordia.

Sosia. Quàm timeo, quorsum evadas! Simo. Funus interim

Procedit: sequimur: ad sepulcrum venimus:
 In ignem imposita est: fletur. Interea hæc soror,
 Quam dixi, ad flammam accessit imprudentius,
 Satis cum periclo. Ibi tum exanimatus Pamphilus
 Bene dissimulatum amorem et celatum indicat:
 Accurrit: mediam mulierem complectitur;
 Mea Glycerium, inquit, quid agis? cur te is perditum?
 Tum illa, ut consuetum facile amorem cerneret,
 Rejecit se in eum flens quàm familiariter.

TERENCE, *Andria*.

EXERCISE XXXIII.

Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame;
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are stay'd for: There, my blessing with you;
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
 Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

SHAKESPEARE.

EXERCISE XXXIV.

The woven leaves

Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,
 And the night's moontide clearness, mutable
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
 Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
 Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
 Minute, yet beautiful. One darkest glen
 Sends forth its woods of musk-rose twined with jasmine,
 A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
 To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell
 Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
 Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
 Like vap'rous shapes half seen. Beyond, a well
 Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
 Images all the woven boughs above,
 And each depending leaf, and every speck
 Of azure sky, darting between their chasms:
 Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star,
 Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
 Or painted bird sleeping beneath the moon,
 Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

SHELLEY'S *Alastor*.

EXERCISE XXXV.

I never looked that he should live so long.
 He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
 He seemed to live by miracle: his food
 Was glory, which was poison to his mind,
 And peril to his body. He was one
 Of many thousand such, that die betimes,
 Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
 Then comes the man that has the luck to live,
 And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
 And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
 Who wins the race of glory, but than him

A thousand men more gloriously endowed
 Have fallen upon the course: a thousand others
 Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
 Whilst lighter barks pushed by them: to whom add
 A smaller tally, of the singular few,
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,
 Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.

EXERCISE XXXVI.

Though . . . my lone breast may burn
 At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
 And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
 Writhe in a dream before me, and o'erarch
 My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go!
 Such are the last infirmities of those
 Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,
 And yet, being mortal still, have no repose
 But on the pillow of revenge—revenge,
 Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
 With the oft-baffled slakeless thirst of change,
 When we shall mount again, and they, that trod,
 Be trampled on, while Death and Até range
 O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks.—Great God!
 Take these thoughts from me,—to thy hands I yield
 My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
 Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield,
 As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
 In turbulent cities and the tented field,
 In toil and many troubles.

BYRON, *Prophecy of Dante*.

EXERCISE XXXVII.

— Next night—a dreary night—
 Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad isles,
 Where never human foot had marked the shore,
 These ruffians left me—
 Beneath a shade
 I sat me down, more heavily oppressed,

More desolate at heart than e'er I felt
 Before. Then Philomela o'er my head
 Began to tune her melancholy strain
 As piteous of my woes: till by degrees,
 Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
 A kind but short relief. At early morn,
 Waked by the chant of birds, I looked around
 For usual objects: objects found I none,
 Except before me stretched the toiling main,
 And rocks, and woods, in savage view behind.

THOMSON.

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
 On Circe's island fell. Who knows not Circe,
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
 This nymph that gazed upon his clust'ring locks,
 With ivy-berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd:
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,
 (For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;

And they so perfect in their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

EXERCISE XXXIX.

Lady. How fares my lord?

Lord. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,
Whose valour saved me from a wretched death.
As down the winding vale I walked alone,
At the cross-way four armed men attacked me;
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low;
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turned upon him, but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two; the other fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.

HOME.

EXERCISE XL.

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
E'en whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has Nature formed
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thundering at our gates.

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

EXERCISE XLI.

Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comfort,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out.

Coriolanus, Act v. Sc. 3.

EXERCISE XLII.

I have kept many a man, and many a great one ;
Yet I confess, I never saw before
A man of such a sufferance : he lies now
Where I'd not lay my dog (for sure 'twould kill him),
Where neither light nor comfort can come near him ;
Nor air nor earth that's wholesome. It grieves me
To see a mighty king, with all his glory,
Sunk o' th' sudden to the bottom of a dungeon.
Whither should we descend that are poor rascals,
If we had our deserts ? 'Tis a strange wonder !
Load him with irons, oppress him with contempts,
(Which are the governor's commands) give him nothing,
Or so little, to sustain life 'tis next nothing,
They stir not him ; he smiles upon his miseries,
And bears 'em with such strength, as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up, and foster'd with calamities.
He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of ;
And, in the midst of all these frights, fears nothing.

EXERCISE XLIII.

Octavius. You may do your will,
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Anthony. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender;
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit;
And in some taste is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd and bid go forth,
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion; do not talk of him,
But as a property.

EXERCISE XLIV.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he:
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught:
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

EXERCISE XLV.

And now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold
Empyrean: from before her vanished night,
Shot through with orient beams: when all the plain,
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,

Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view :
 War he perceived, war in procinct; and found
 Already known what he for news had thought
 To have reported : gladly then he mixed
 Among those friendly powers, who him received
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fallen, yet one
 Returned not lost. On to the sacred hill
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice,
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard :
 Servant of God, well done : well hast thou fought
 The bitter fight, who single hast maintained
 Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms :
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence ; for this was all thy care,
 To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
 Judged thee perverse.

MILTON.

EXERCISE XLVI.

' Now, men of death, work forth your will,
 For I can suffer and be still ;
 And come he slow, or come he fast,
 It is but Death who comes at last.'
 Fix'd was her look, and stern her air ;
 Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair ;
 The locks that wont her brow to shade,
 Stared up erectly from her head ;
 Her figure seemed to rise more high
 Her voice, despair's wild energy
 Had given a tone of prophecy.
 Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate ;
 With stupid eyes, the men of fate
 Gazed on the light inspired form,
 And listen'd for the avenging storm ;
 The judges felt the victim's dread ;
 No hand was moved, no word was said,

D

Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
 Raising his sightless balls to heaven :—
 ' Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;
 Sinful brother, part in peace ! '

WALTER SCOTT.

EXERCISE XLVII.

Mild, affable, and easy of access
 He was ; but with a due reservedness :
 So that the passage to his favours lay
 Not common to all comers ; nor yet was
 So narrow, but it gave a gentle way
 To such as fitly might, or ought to pass.
 Nor sold he smoke ; nor took he up to-day
 Commodities of men's attendances,
 And of their hopes ; to pay them with delay,
 And entertain them with fair promises.
 But as a man that loved no great commerce
 With bus'ness and with noise, he ever flies
 That maze of many ways, which might disperse
 Him into other men's uncertainties :
 And with a quiet calm sincerity,
 H' effects his undertakings really.
 His tongue and heart did not turn backs ; but went
 One way, and kept one course with what he meant.
 He used no mark at all, but ever ware
 His honest inclination open-faced :
 The friendships that he vow'd most constant were,
 And with great judgment and discretion placed.

EXERCISE XLVIII.

Cæs. The night grows on, and you are for your meeting ;
 I'll therefore end in few. Be resolute,
 And put your enterprise in act. The more
 Actions of depth and danger are consider'd,
 The less assuredly they are perform'd :
 And thence it happeneth, that the bravest plots,
 Not executed straight, have been discovered.

Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
 Or more ; there may be yet one wretched spirit,
 With whom the fear of punishment shall work
 'Bove all the thoughts of honour and revenge.
 You are not now to think what's best to do,
 As in beginnings, but what must be done,
 Being thus enter'd ; and slip no advantage
 That may secure you. Let them call it mischief ;
 When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.
 They're petty crimes are punish'd, great rewarded.
 Nor must you think of peril, since attempts
 Begun with danger, still do end with glory ;
 And, when need spurs, despair will be called wisdom.
 Less ought the care of men, or fame to fright you ;
 For they that win, do seldom receive shame
 Of victory, howe'er it be achieved ;
 And vengeance, least : for who, besieged with wants,
 Would stop at death, or anything beyond it ?
 Come, there was never any great thing yet
 Aspired, but by violence or fraud :
 And he that sticks for folly of a conscience
 To reach it—

Cat. Is a good religious fool.

BEN JONSON.

EXERCISE XLIX.

O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 Hear me, O earth—I will not die alone,
 Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
 Walking the cold and starless road of death
 Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
 With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
 Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
 A fire dances before her, and a sound
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
 What this may be I know not, but I know
 That, whereso'er I am by night and day,
 All earth and air seem only burning fire.

TENNYSON.

EXERCISE L.

Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile
 Conspexit, paullum lacrimis et mente morata,
 Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba :
 Dulces exuviæ, dum fata deusque sinebant,
 Accipite hanc animam, meque his exsolvite curis.
 Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi ;
 Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
 Urbem præclaram statui ; mea mœnia vidi ;
 Ultra virum, pœnas inimico a fratre recepi :
 Felix, heu nimium felix, si littora tantum
 Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ !
 Dixit ; et os impressa toro, Moriemur inultæ !
 Sed moriamur, ait. Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
 Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
 Dardanus, et nostræ secum ferat omnia mortis.

VIRG. *Æn.* iv.

EXERCISE LI.

It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans ! it confounds
 The counsels of my firm philosophy,
 That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
 And barren salt be sown on yon proud city,
 As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
 Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
 Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
 As through a valley sacred to sweet peace.
 How boldly doth it front us ! how majestically !
 Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
 Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
 Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still and nearer
 To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
 With cool and verdant gardens interspersed ;
 There towers of war that frown in massy strength ;
 While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
 As conscious of its being her last farewell
 Of light and glory to that fated city.

And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke
 Are melted into air, behold the temple,
 In undisturb'd and lone serenity
 Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
 In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us,
 A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles !
 The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,
 Lingers upon the gilded cedar-roofs ;
 And down the long and branching porticoes,
 On every flowery sculptured capital,
 Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
 By Hercules ! the sight might almost win
 The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

EXERCISE LII.

Ma. Time, since man first drew breath, has never moved
 With such a weight upon his wings as now ;
 But they will soon be lightened.

Os. Aye, look up—
 Cast round you your mind's eye, and you will learn
 Fortitude is the child of Enterprise :
 Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
 Because they carry in themselves an earnest
 That we can suffer greatly.

Ma. Very true.

Os. Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
 The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
 'Tis done, and in the after vacancy
 We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed :
 Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
 And shares the nature of infinity.

Ma. Truth—and I feel it.

Os. What ! if you had bid
 Eternal farewell to unmingled joy
 And the light dancing of the thoughtless heart ;
 It is the toy of fools, and little fit
 For such a world as this. The wise abjure
 All thoughts whose idle composition lives
 In the entire forgetfulness of pain.
 —I see I have disturbed you.

Ma. By no means.

Os. Compassion !—pity !—pride can do without them.
And what if you should never know them more !—
He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,
Finds ease because another feels it too.

WORDSWORTH, *The Borderers*, Act III. Sc. III.

EXERCISE LIII.

Nay, said I not—
And if I said it not, I say it now—
I'll follow thee through sunshine and through storm ;
I will be with thee in thy weal and woe,
In thy afflictions, should they fall upon thee,
In thy temptations when bad men beset thee,
In all the perils which must now press round thee,
And should they crush thee, in the hour of death.
If thy ambition, late aroused was that
Which push'd thee on this perilous adventure,
Then *I* will be ambitious too—if not,
And it was thy ill fortune drove thee to it,
Then I will be unfortunate no less.
I will resemble thee in that and all things
Wherein a woman may : grave will I be
And thoughtful, for already is it gone—
The boon that nature gave me at my birth,
My own original gaiety of heart.

EXERCISE LIV.

Awful Sufferer,
To thee unwilling, most unwillingly,
I come, by the great Father's will driven down,
To execute a doom of new revenge.
Alas ! I pity thee, and hate myself
That I can do no more : aye from thy sight
Returning, for a season, heaven seems hell,
So thy worn form pursues me night and day,
Smiling reproach. Wise art thou, firm and good,

But vainly would'st stand forth alone in strife
Against the Omnipotent : as yon clear lamps,
That measure and divide the weary years
From which there is no refuge, long have taught,
And long must teach. Even now thy torturer arms
With the strange might of unimagined pains
The powers who scheme slow agonies in hell,
And my commission is to lead them here,
Or what more subtle, foul, or savage fiends
People the abyss, and leave them to their task.
Be it not so ! there is a secret known
To thee, and to none else of living things,
Which may transfer the sceptre of wide heaven,
The fear of which perplexes the Supreme :
Clothe it in words, and bid it clasp his throne
In intercession ; bend thy soul in prayer,
And, like a suppliant in some gorgeous fane,
Let the will kneel within thy haughty heart :
For benefits and meek submission tame
The fiercest and the mightiest.

EXERCISE LV.

Phil. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well :—Now hear our English king ;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared ; and reason too, he should :
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at ; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,

Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;—
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
 No : Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
 For your own ladies, and pale-visaged maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

SHAKESPEARE.

EXERCISE LVI.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
 The long brook falling through the clov'n ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
 Stands up and takes the morning : but in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
 Mournful CEnone, wandering forlorn
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
 Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
 Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

TENNYSON.

EXERCISE LVII.

Phil. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

EXERCISE LVIII.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

MILTON,

EXERCISE LIX.

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

SHAKESPEARE.

EXERCISE LX.

Behold the stars! in throngs they lie
All o'er the broad cerulean sky;
Of various size and strength they seem,
Yet never march with envious beam.

No discord e'er disturbs their course,
They neither speed nor slack their force
No mood those bright battalions know,
But calmly lend their light below.

While ranged in ranks they walk the blue,
Each orb is individual too,—
Its own appointed path retains,
In silence through the voiceless plains.

Those worlds that walk through space afar,
 To us as golden symbols are;
 They teach us, from their heights above,
 To find and fill our place with love.

Let men from stars this lesson learn,
 To live in peace, and fervent burn;
 Then earth a glory will present,
 Sublimar than the firmament.

STRUTT.

EXERCISE LXI.

Oh sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
 Abandoner of revels, mute contemplative,
 Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
 As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
 Which is their order's robe: I here thy priest
 Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh! vouchsafe,
 With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
 Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
 And sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear,
 Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
 Ne'er enter'd wanton sound, to my petition,
 Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
 Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited,
 But maiden-hearted; a husband I have 'pointed,
 But do not know him; out of two I should
 Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
 Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
 Were I to lose one (they are equal precious)
 I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
 Go to't unsentenced: therefore, most modest queen,
 He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me,
 And has the truest title in't, let him
 Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
 The file and quality I hold I may
 Continue in thy band.

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

EXERCISE LXV.

This, this is he ; softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him :
 O change beyond report, thought or belief !
 See how he lies at random carelessly diffused,
 With languished head unpropt,
 As one past hope abandon'd,
 And by himself given over ;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd,
 Irresistible Sampson ? whom unarm'd
 No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand ?

MILTON, *Samson Agon.*

EXERCISE LXVI.

Sing his praises that doth keep
 Our flocks from harm,
 Pan, the father of our sheep ;
 And arm in arm
 Tread we softly in a round,
 While the hollow neighb'ring ground
 Fill the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
 Thus do we sing :
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
 As the young spring,
 Ever be thy honour spoke,
 From that place the morn is broke,
 To that place day doth unyoke !

MILTON.

EXERCISE LXVII.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labour and penury, the racks of pain,
 Disease and sorrows weeping train,
 And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
 The fond complaint my song disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly muse ?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky :
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.
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EXERCISE LXVIII.

In glittering arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thundering strokes begin,
 There's the press, and there's the din ;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar ;
 Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
 Thousand banners round him burn :
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Hasty, hasty rout is there :
 'There confusion, 'Terror's child ;
 Conflict fierce, and ruin wild ;
 Agony that pants for breath,
 Despair and honourable death.

GRAY.

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